

Seeds of the Suffering

Suffocation

Lies, deceitful words of impatience
Futile words of evasion

The gods that have once spoken to me
Have abandoned me to my pre-destined state
A state in which there are no words, is no language
Only the language of the endless suffering

Suffering that brings me to appreciate my new found existence
One that spawns forth a new being
A being in which there is no appreciation for his fellow man
to see
Hatred and remorse unto those who have punished me
Punishment too cold to see
I don't see, I don't see
One that I have once created
Forced to change, I don't need

The path of abomination of all things

For I am now a seed, that will one day set forth a new race
One that will cleanse my soul
Anticipation of the weak-minded fools

One that my once beloved gods will not recognize

Race which feeds off the suffering
As the mortals cry out their new found god

The race grows strong
Until the day
The day of judgement

The race grows strong
Until the day.